

Better Things

The Magnetic Fields

On winter nights the mermaid sings
I was made for better things
Better things, dearie, better things
In early spring the ghost princess
Goes haunting in her pretty dress
Pretty dress, your majesty, pretty dress
And I have heard the singing of real birds
Not those absurd birds that simply everybody's heard
Real birds
In summer when the moon is full
The wolf boy is adorable
Adorable, you're adorable
I have observed the winging of real birds
Not those reserved birds that simply everyone's observed
Real birds

Lyrics provided by

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